

THE GLEANER

Vol. II.

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL, MAY, 1902.

No. 4.

Wireless Telegraphy.

He told her that he loved her—
Yet never said a word,
But listening in the silence
She knew as though she heard.
From eye to eye the message
Was sped amid a hush,
And straight her heart, translating,
O. K.'d it with a blush.

SELECTED.

The Blind Sculptor.

Till then Arthur was no different than other boys. He was in his seventh year when his blind father died. How well he remembered that day. It remained indelibly engraved upon his memory—that mournful January day when his father called him to his bedside and spoke to him. He remembered every word and had written them upon his heart.

Little Arthur did not quite understand it all—it was so strange; his weeping mother, tearful sister; and why did his father speak so tranquilly about devotion to an ideal, to be honest to himself; take care of himself, and why particularly of his eyes? The howling wind, as it whistled around the corner of the house, lowly and mournfully, as though conscious of the unutterable grief that existed within, made him weep—he knew not why. Presently he dried his tears and with eyes wide open he sat. And he thought and thought and thought. And the soul-stirring conflict that took place in that little heart became plainly visible in his face. His large black eyes became

larger and thoughtful, nay, mournful; and he was a boy no longer. True, he was no man, yet he was no boy in the ordinary sense of the term. His large dreamy eyes looked at you and you felt as though he read your innermost thoughts; this was no child gazing so intently at you.

Mr. Thurlow, Arthur's lamented father, was not wealthy. He had spent an ample fortune in traveling from country to country, visiting doctor after doctor in search of eyesight. Finally, he settled down in despair. The greatest specialists had given him up and thus the remainder of his life was devoted to his family.

It was not without an arduous mental struggle that Widow Thurlow decided to place Arthur at the orphan asylum at X. She felt assured of kindly and wise treatment to her son, yet, to place him among three hundred other children, where he stood one out of three hundred chances of receiving motherly attention, oppressed her more than the thought of parting from her darling boy. Arguing that 'twill be best in the end, Arthur was apprised of her intentions. Poor fellow, he said nothing. But, such a look! and his mother half relented.

It was on a bright June day that young Arthur and his widowed mother arrived at the orphan asylum at X. The parting came at last. A last lingering kiss and his mother departed. Arthur wept, and scarcely had he time to efface the effects of his crying when he found himself led to the play-room, where a number of boys were lounging about or reading.

Soon they surrounded him. "What was his name?" "Where was he from?" "How old was he?" And question after question was rained upon him before he had commenced to answer one.

His manly little figure excited their sympathy; nay, it seemed as though his future popularity was already evident. One of the larger boys volunteered to show him around. The huge bed rooms or "dormitories," as they were called; the gymnasium, the school rooms, the play grounds, yes, the cow and the chickens—all of which he secretly decided to love and cherish. The next day he met who the children called "Doctor." How kindly and indulgently he patted Arthur's curly head and told him to run and play with the children, only, to keep in the shade of the trees and not get over-heated. And Arthur soon learned to love the buildings, the horses, chickens and cows; the children and the Doctor—the latter he revered, but did not fear—and he was happy. When the long vacation was over and school commenced, the teacher said, "never had she known a brighter pupil."

His character did not become absorbed. His large expressive eyes were no longer sad, but they still retained that peculiarly poetic or perhaps vacant gaze that invariably caused you to wonder of what the youth was dreaming. Attaining the esteem of his schoolmates, as well as that of his teachers, Arthur passed a happy existence.

When he had attained his seventeenth year, he was destined to the service of art. Not industrial art, as the labors of carpentry, electrical work, shoemaking or bricklaying are often termed. A sculptor he would be, and the authorities were not slow in encouraging his artistic cravings, and after graduating from the

local college he found himself a hard-working student at a famous school of art in New York City. Then he proceeded to the Mecca of all art—Paris. There, contrary to the cynical expectations of many of his less fortunate classmates, he conducted himself as a true son of the institution which was supporting his genius. With his money he was free to moderation; with his sympathy and kindness he was lavish to excess. Consequently to the appreciative public, especially to those who knew his history, he was an object of admiration, as a type of manhood above par; an American proud of his country's achievements and proud to contribute his mite toward the further glorification of its name.

It may truly be said that Arthur Thurlow was undergoing stages of development. He was yet not fully ripe. He did not live in his art—not yet. He was too conscious of the obligations he was under to those at home; the thought of money, though slightly entering into his work, was too much for his art, and it showed it. True, he produced some successful work that entirely placed him beyond the generosity of his friends. In the future, when living entirely within his ideals, he regarded his early work more as the result of circumstances rather than that of his genius. He was now twenty-five years of age. The great dailies in New York and the local papers of his native town spoke glowingly of the rising young American, whose works of art were setting gay Paris in raptures.

Ever and anon fondly would he think of his "Home," as he loved to call the cradle of his ambition, and exulted; he exulted for the sake of the good "Doctor" who first recognized his worth, and

Books and Their Knowledge.

"Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen."

According to the universal idea, an education is the acquisition of knowledge derived from the study and the reading of books. Considering that indispensable article, the book, and the results obtained by its teachings, one finds that it is remote in its restrictions, limitless in its knowledge and innumerable in its number.

What words have declared the immeasurable value of books? Who has ever set forth adequately the importance of that great invention which is found diffused over the entire universe? No such task ever has been accomplished. Science, art, literature and philosophy have been garnered up for us in that supreme invention, the book.

Knowledge is one of the powers in the moral world, acquired by a careful study of books. It may take a hundred years before a theory or a thought is printed, and the original conceiver of this thought may have died in chains. Such is often the case; thus one can never realize the enormous amount of indebtedness we owe to our theorizers.

There are several methods of reading a book, and by these distinct modes depends the value one may obtain from reading it. The frequency of certain questions arising to a student before reading are very harrassing. What course of reading shall I pursue? What book shall I select? What plan in reading shall I adopt? Reading is the nourishment of the mind. A variation in reading may result in making one a philosopher, another a scientist, and still a third an orator. By reading with a method one proposes to one's self an end to which all our studies may indi-

cate. Through neglect of this rule, total ignorance clings to great readers, who, by skipping hastily over the words, fail in their purpose, to accomplish that knowledge that a book may contain.

It is quite often remarked that our age has failed to produce men surpassing in intellectual power those of ancient history. What nation has produced a Plato or a Socrates? Where is the man that surpassed Demosthenes? Instead of bending down the shelf with books, our ancient philosophers held sway over a few books, and by a careful perusal of their pages they managed to learn all that was contained therein.

We may read and obtain an education of untold value. There remains to be studied a class of books which, when read, their knowledge cannot be made available. Study the history of a great nation; study the wars and conflicts in which this nation or that took part. While one may acquaint himself with these facts, unless they can be made available they stand as an ornament in the mind.

Let us study more deeply into our subject of education, and by so doing ask ourselves the question, What is the object of this education? Is it merely to accumulate facts and ideas, with no purpose but to aggregate them, like a miser accumulates his wealth? Or is it to acquaint man with the nobler conceptions of the laws and principles for which he exists upon this earth? If it is the latter then, surely, we can find an advantage in the acquisition of book knowledge.

M. LEVY, '04.

"That," said Newman, '02, as he upset the ink on the floor, "remains to be seen."

We all may be poor worms of the dust, but there is a chance for all of us to be glow-worms.

THE GLEANER.

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EDITORIALS.

There passed, recently, from the ranks of journalism a man upon whose bier we too desire to place our humble tribute. We refer to the late Dr. Julius Wise, otherwise Nickerdown. Other men have died during the past fortnight about whom we knew more, men of national reputation and whose death was the cause of universal regret, but none surpassed the indomitable physician in sympathetic kindness to the meriting and struggling.

Shortly after the initial appearance of THE GLEANER, surprise mingled with pleasure was created among the students by the appearance of several paragraphs in the *American Israelite* commending our journal, in parenthesis stating its price and address. This appeared in the "Notes and Comments" column conducted by "Nickerdown." Now, we are

not egotistical enough to believe that our journal really appeared so important to Dr. Wise as to merit the extended notice he gave us, but with his characteristic sympathy he felt our struggling efforts and he endeavored to assist accordingly. We judge him solely by his weekly column in the *American Israelite*. Fearless, sarcastic, he never struck a blow below the belt and belittled true womanhood and manhood never.

* * *

Another month or two and the Seniors will be Freshmen—upon the highway of life.

* * *

The origin and development of the modern school yell would be interesting reading were books relating to that subject published. We are certain it is American, and its origin may be ascribed to the Indian—at any rate, its practice among the college students is about utterly as senseless as that among the Indians. No brave man ever was frightened by the human voice, neither was ever a sensible man enthused by the blood-curdling college yell. We can not quarrel with the Indian. He knew no better, and then it never could be reduced to cold type. The college student makes a grand mistake. He appoints a committee to propose school yells which, necessarily, must be reduced to writing. Somehow it gets into print and elderly people look amazed, and no wonder! Take a specimen:

Holy G, G, biff, bum, bang,
Ra, ra, ra, we're the gang.
Ha, he, hi, ho, we're a success.
Oughty two, oughy two, —S.

This, we might state, is the climax. They are a success. Other school yells may be more blood-curdling, but never was the scheme devised whereby the reader is informed of the brilliant intellects of the vociferous student. For-

tunately the Farm School possesses a yell only within the memory of the graduating class. The Alumni, if they are sensible fellows, will have forgotten it. A cheer and a hurrah that is accompanied by spontaneity and enthusiasm is far preferable—at least it possesses a semblance of sense.



A New Industrial System.

April the first saw the inauguration of a new industrial system at the National Farm School, whereby each student is credited for work performed at specified rates of 10 and 12 cents per hour. Each student's expenses are placed, so to speak, at his own door, which include board, clothes, medical attention, stationery, book rent, breakage, and last, but it is to be hoped least, a system of fines for misdemeanors and ill-behavior. The difference between the debit and credit side of the student's page at the month's end will determine his earnings or debt, which former has been fixed to the maximum amount of \$1.25.



The Blind Sculptor.

Continued from page 2.

for the sake of the struggling youths who were being sheltered under the same roof that he had been. With his mother he shared his prosperity; she partook also of his joy and triumphs and of his love. Thus he was placed beyond the attainment of wealth and henceforth he lived with his art and for his art.

Early in March, 18—, the metropolitan newspapers in this country contained the announcement:

"Arthur Thurlow, the famous American sculptor, residing in Paris, has become suddenly blind; the cause is

believed to be hereditary. Will not give up his work."

The report was true. Now, he understood the admonition of his father; now, he realized why he was cautioned respecting his eyes. No longer would he walk alone the streets, teeming with humanity, the misery and squalor of which often made his heart ache. He was despondent—but momentarily. In June he found himself in New York, where his mother had preceded him. Now, with all the ardor of his soul, he devoted himself to his art. His genius fairly oozed out of his fingers. It seemed as though the power of his former eyesight doubled, was concentrated in his fingers, so abnormal was his sense of touch. How patiently he worked! And every stroke told! He worked unaided in his little den, with the sun he saw not throwing a celestial brilliancy over the work of this blind devotee. Thousands came to admire his work. What cared he for their laudatory remarks? What did the rabble know about art? Within his heart he was not satisfied. His ideal was not yet attained. Wedded to his art, she had not as yet received the best within him.

Then a yearning took possession of his very soul, to create a masterpiece; to create something that the one unmerciful critic—his, what shall we call it, conscience? might be satisfied, perfectly. The inspiration came; then the perspiration. For weeks, for months, his thoughts were "not at home" to anybody, and as his aged mother looked fondly at her darling boy she knew that great glory was in store for him—and for her.

At last the doors were flung open to the curious public. Once more the

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Agricultural.



ARBOR DAY.

On the 25th ult. Arbor Day was appropriately observed at the school. One of the main features in the afternoon's program was the planting of an oak tree in memory of our late President, William McKinley. Among the other trees planted was one for the late Baroness de-Hirsch.

Mr. George W. Ochs, editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, was the orator of the day. Mr. Ochs is a strong advocate of the passing of laws for the preservation of forests and for the promotion of the general interest of the people for the planting of new preserves. His speech, which was profusely illustrated with indisputable facts, illustrated the interest our government and individual States have taken in this movement. The speaker said in part:

"In the early settlement of our country the pioneers brought with them a respect for forests which had been bred in their ancestors by the rigorous laws in force in European countries. They came from a country where wood was comparatively scarce and where the penalty for its wanton destruction was very severe and vigorously enforced.

"Here our forests seemed illimitable and indestructible and were a hindrance to the tilling of the soil. The knowledge of our vast timber resources and the bitter struggle of the early farmers against the forests replaced this care with carelessness and developed a taste for forest destruction almost as pronounced as it was in the early days for forest preservation.

"After the Civil War there followed a

period of industrial development and railroad building unequalled in the history of the world, producing a ruthless waste of forests and a feverish destruction of timber lands. This wholesale denudation and wanton waste aroused a violent protest, and the enactment of laws for the protection, preservation and replanting of trees was commenced about 1868 by Wisconsin, followed soon after by other States. This was followed by national legislation.

"Prominent among the agencies which have educated public sentiment in this remarkable revolution was the establishment of Arbor Days by State statutes.

"It would be useless for me to attempt to recite the overwhelming importance of the preservation of our forest lands. It is not alone for their economic value, not by any means for their importance to industry, but it has been scientifically demonstrated that the forests exercise an influence on the elements; their denudation changes the equilibrium of the seasons, reduces the rainfall, interrupts its regularity, thereby causing droughts and floods; affects the atmosphere and climate, and exercises a potent hygienic influence upon the surface of the earth.

"To preserve and protect this boundless treasure is the highest duty of mankind, and to inculcate in the developing mind a wholesome respect and deep affection for the growing tree should be the constant aspiration of every philanthropist and every patriot."

AGRICULTURAL.

A greater part of the work of the students was consumed last month in planting eight acres of oats and peas,

eight acres of potatoes and one-half acre of early vegetables. We are now busily engaged in plowing, harrowing and rolling land preparatory to planting corn and late vegetables.

The farmer cannot be too careful in the planting of his crops. To insure success and derive profit from his crops—normal or favorable conditions prevailing—a great deal of work and good judgment are required. A sufficient amount of dressing or fertilizer should be applied to the land to make up for loss of fertility in the soil sustained by the removal of previous crops. Therein lies the judgment of the farmer. If fertilizer is applied in insufficient quantities a poor crop is usually the result; if too much is applied it becomes more of a detriment than a benefit to the crops, as the soil, becoming too rich, produces growth too quickly and the plants do not become as hardy as they should.

During the growing season the farmer is kept busy cultivating the plants and at the same time destroying the weeds by means of harrow and other farm implements.

This work is carried on to within a short period of harvest time.

The work of shearing the sheep is being carried on by the Senior Class. The operation for the amateur takes about one-half an hour. The instrument used is somewhat similar to that of a hair clipper.

It's the attention paid to the little details on the farm that prove of certain value to the farmer. A repair or work shop is an absolute necessity where agricultural implements are used. The amount saved and the experience gained in repairing one's own machinery doubly repays for the cost of the shop.

ATHLETICS.

Farm School, 12; Young Men's League, 6.

Saturday, May 10th, was a cold day. The spectators shivered, for interest in the game was lacking. Interest itself might have tempered the cold winds. Errors that the score-keeper decided wisely not to tabulate were coming thick and fast when the 5.12 train hove in sight and the opposing team was compelled to make for it. That was the most interesting feature of the afternoon.

Klein's pitching was an interesting experiment, for he pitched well. Captain Mitzmain, who took the pitcher's box in the fifth inning, did better than was expected. Young Nicholas's, of the Y. M. L., catching was a distinct feature, as was his batting. The Farm School players batted well. The line up was as follows:

Monblatt	center field	W. Fetter
Klein	pitcher (left field)	F. Ziegler
Sadler	short stop	I. Nicholas
Goldman	catcher	H. Nicholas
Lee	second base	T. Walker
Borovik	third base	C. Buckman
Levy	first base	C. Stever
Morris	right field	D. Keeler
Mitzmain	left field (pitcher)	G. Fetter
Farm School		I 3 5 3 *—12
Y. M. L.		2 0 2 1 1—6

Possessing all the necessary base-ball equipments, what now is needed is more time to devote to more systematic practice. Though late in the season to urge practice, it is far better than to play poor games. Good material, as was quite evident on Saturday, is not lacking.

A handsome donation in the form of a \$15 check to the Athletic Association was received from Mr. J. B. Samuels, of Philadelphia, who always has been a good friend of the students. This in honor of his approaching wedding. That happiness crown all his days is the sole wish of the students.

PERSONALS AND SOCIALS.

I maintain, as a rule, man's a fool.
 When it's hot he wants it cool,
 When it's cool he wants it hot,
 Always wanting what it's not,
 Never liking what he's got.
 I maintain, as a rule, man's a fool.

Rose, '05, can not understand how in this age of science they send messages through the air instead of over wire, or how they fasten the air to the poles.

On April 25th Arbor Day was celebrated. The weather was very propitious for the planting of trees and open air exercises. The visitors taxed to the utmost the seating capacity of the chapel to listen to the able address of Mr. Ochs, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *Times*. After a short prayer by Rev. Dr. MacElrey the visitors repaired to the campus to honor the planting of an oak in memory of our late President, William McKinley. Dr. MacElrey delivered the eulogy upon the beloved statesman, after which the students blended their voices in singing the national anthem.

Mrs. Miller, president of the ladies' branch of the Federation of Jewish Charities of Philadelphia, read a paper eulogizing Baroness deHirsch, in whose memory a suitable tree was planted. Before the visitors departed on the west-bound train they viewed the numerous memorial trees and inspected the grounds and buildings.

Our library has been considerably enlarged and removed to its new quarters on the second floor. We now have regular library hours and our librarian is in charge.

Professor Tripp (in Commercial Law) to Burd, '02—"Just fly over the points of this paragraph." Burd proceeds to fly.

Leon, '05, had his teeth drawn from life, Not by an artist, but by a dentist.

We have reasons to believe that Charles Emory Smith, ex-Postmaster General of the United States, will be the commencement day orator.

Kurman, '05, is the happy possessor of a mouth-organ. We are the recipients

of plenty of chin music from the organist. It is hard to stand the *strain*.

A little Freshman brought to school the other day a green caterpillar which he had taken from the garden, and he exclaimed to the aspiring entomologists: "I've got a bug, but he isn't ripe yet."

A sight draft—the kind that the blind never pay.

I. Tennenbaum, '01, recently paid us a visit.

The Dean is delivering a course of weekly talks to the students at the chapel exercises describing scenes and events of his trip through Europe.

Six months anticipation,
 Six days of recreation,
 One night of dissipation,
 Six months recuperation,
 Make up our spring vacation.

Malish—"Have a cigar?"

Neustadt—"What's the matter with it?"

"I'm on to you," said the drop of ink to the blotter.

"Dry up," said the blotter savagely.

The long looked for event took place on May 3rd, when Captain Shellenberger (Company G, 6th Regiment) reviewed the military corps and officiated as judge of the competition for sergeants and captain. The candidates for the captaincy were each given charge of the company for fifteen minutes, after which Professor Faville took personal command of the company and put it through a rigid system of drilling. The corps was on the march for an hour and one-half, after which the results of the competition were announced.

The following is the personnel of the staff of officers: Captain, M. Mitzmain; 1st lieutenant, A. Newman; 2nd lieutenant, W. J. Serlin; 1st sergeant, L. Burd; 2nd sergeant, C. S. Heller; 3rd sergeant, J. Goldman; 4th sergeant, M. Goldman.

Three prizes for the best drilled privates were offered by Dean Faville and the following cadets won the prizes offered: First prize, (silver cup) M. Goldman, '04; second prize, (silver paper cutter) M. Levy, '04; third prize, (silver nail trimmer) L. Hirschowitz, '03.

EXCHANGES.

During the last month four new exchanges have been received, namely: *The Optimist*, Kankakee, Ill.; *Baker City Nugget*, Oregon; *The Advocate*, New Brunswick, N. J., and *The Quickest*, Kearney, Nebraska.

GLEANINGS.

Lawyer—"I understand the jury has brought in a sealed verdict in your case."

Prisoner—"Well, tell them they needn't open it on my account."—Ex.

Over the hilltop's rounded spur,
Long, patient hours he followed her;
'Twas no great romance, anyhow,
Only a farm lad after his cow.—Ex.

Tramp—"Please help a poor cripple."
Kind Old Gent—"Why, bless me, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?"

Tramp—"Financially, sir, financially."
—Ex.

Mother—"One of you boys have been stealing raisins. I see the seeds on the floor."

Johnny—"Twasn't me, I swallowed my seeds."—Ex.

We're inconsistent mortals,
The blizzards make us glum;
But we'll howl for ice and lemons,
When the

Hot
Days
Come.

And in the bright hereafter,
The stars will listen—dumb—
As we howl for tons of iceberg,
When the

Hot
Days
Come.—Ex.

Chestnut—"Did you hear of the man who swallowed the tape measure and died by inches?"

Up-to-Date—"Yes, and I've heard of the man who swallowed the thermometer and died by degrees."—Ex.

A—"Who is that amateur who just recited the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' with such dramatic effect?"

B—"He's the collector for the gas company."—Ex.

Professor—"Who wrote the most—Dickens, Dumas, Warren or Bulwer?"

Pupil—"I don't know but what Dickens did. Warren wrote 'Now and Then,' Dumas wrote 'Twenty Years After,' Bulwer wrote 'Night and Morning,' and Dickens wrote 'All the Year Around.'" —Ex.

I asked a maiden what was a kiss,
Grammatically defined;
"A conjugation, sir," she said,
"And hence can't be declined."—Ex.

Old Lady (in shoe store)—"Have you felt slippers?"

Young Clerk—"Very often, especially when I was a youngster."—Ex.

A fish seldom gets into trouble if it keeps its mouth shut—and the same might be said of man.—Ex.

Witty Stranger—"Madam, can you sell me a yard of pork?"

Butcher (up to date)—"Certainly, sir. Cinthy, give the gentleman three pig's feet."—Ex.

"Why don't you get up and let a lady sit down?" cried a man weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds to a small boy in the crowded trolley car.

"Why don't you get up and let two sit down?" calmly returned the youngster.—Ex.

It is related of Robert Burns that one day in a fit of absentmindedness he sat down upon the stove. His wife, who was in another part of the house, called out: "Robert, Robert, see if the oat-cake is burning." "Na, na," replied he, "'tis Bobbie Burns."—Ex.

The poor benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kindo;
He sticks to his caste from first to last,
And for pants he makes his skindo.—Ex.

The Blind Sculptor.

Continued from page 5.

newspapers went wild. Even the critics condescended to speak in generous terms of their blind brother's wonderful production. Truly it was a wonderful piece of work. The life-sized picture of the good "Doctor," as he lovingly caresses the curly little head of the youth below, shines with a fatherly tenderness, and the faces of the little boys and girls as they fondly caress the sleeves and coat of their protector and benefactor, too shine with love and reverence. And the artist, modest to the extreme, was happy. Now, as he grasped the hand of an admiring friend, his face shone with gladness; at other times, in receiving the critical praise of a fellow sculptor, he was grave and courteous and carefully went over the different points of strength, and all marvelled at his wonderful touch.

One day he found himself in his den, alone. Once more his hand moved over the almost living statue. He was supremely happy. His inner critic said "good" and he knew that his life's blood had been shed in the service of his love. And his hand lovingly traced the features of the curly-headed youth—himself. The mouth, the nose, forehead, his curly head and—stop—why did he tremble so? "No, it can not be," he muttered, and once more his fingers touched the spot. Again and again his fingers pressed the curly lock, but each time his inner critic exclaimed, "Your work is completed, but 'tis not perfect." Fainter and fainter he grew and finally fell to the floor unconscious.

There and thus he was found; a terrible gash upon his head, and the bloody corner of the marble pedestal plainly convinced his heart-broken mother that in falling his head had struck the statue.

He regained consciousness, but his life was despaired of. And he died, true to his ideal, for before dying the cause of his death was made known to his sorrowing friends. The statue was removed to the "Home" at X, where it now stands as a lasting monument to the love and gratitude of a most gifted son.

Student Troubles.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe).

'Twas upon a school night dreary, and I
tell you I felt skeary,
For upon the coming morrow we were to
have our exams—

And I set myself to thinking, with the
old clock at me winking,
Wond'ring how the whole term's work
in one night I could command.

Then from their familiar places, the text
books with dirty faces,
Were brought to light and opened, while
their knowledge I imbibed.

But as I sat there cramming, other
thoughts were always ramming,
And they had such force in jamming, that
they jammed all else aside.

Chemistry was alienated, while algebra
was fated,

And the theorems in geometry were al-
ways intermixed.

And I wished that old man Pliny, Cicero,
Thales, and Binney,

Would have never wrote the volumes
that now had me sorely fixed.

Yet away with this deep sorrow, for on
that very morrow,

I brought a little pony into the college
room.

But the "Prof." he grabbed a table, and
yelled long as he was able,

"Avaunt! this is no stable." Thus I met
my lawful doom.

ELMORE I. LEE, '04.



N. B.—The next number of THE GLEANER will be a Commencement Number. It is our desire to embody in permanent form the various features comprising the Commencement exercises, which will not occur till the latter part of June. We take this liberty prohibited to the professional periodical with the hope that it will be a welcome innovation.—
EDITOR.

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